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THE
DENNIS FAMILY

J. L. ORDWAY

INTRODUCTION.

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The following brief history and chronological account I wish to present to the Dennis family, whose names are herein written, and would ask them to accept as a token of kind regards, and also as a remembrance of the one who collected together the material, and arranged the statistics in their present shape. The circumstances in which the writer was placed; deprived of the use of his limbs; shut up from society and obliged to suffer from the effects of rheumatism. Much of this has been written when I was obliged to take my left hand, place my right hand on the paper. Still, I felt better to be employed. I have intended to have this as nearly correct as possible; but if there are not some mistakes it is the first book of the kind without errors.

To those who have aided me in collecting the material for this work, I wish to tender my sincere thanks.

Truly,

J. L. ORDWAY.

JASPER, N. Y., MARCH 20, 1890.



THE DENNIS FAMILY.

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Thomas Dennis, of Ipswich, was born about 1638; probably in England. Married Grace Searl Oct. 26, 1668. His son, John Dennis, was born in Ipswich Sept. 22, 1673; married Lidia White, Aug. 31, 1699.

Rev. John Dennis was born in Ipswich, Nov. 3, 1708; married Martha Whitcome. He died at Ipswich Sept. 2, 1773. He graduated at Harvard in 1730; preached in several places; was chaplain at Fort George in 1740. While chaplain he also acted as surgeon and physician; was settled at Charleston, N. H., in 1754, over a new Society which he was instrumental in building up. Returned to Ipswich in 1761. His son, Moses Dennis, was born in Ipswich May 27, 1751; married Sarah Frye in the year 1778.

He was a sailor in early life, a ship's cooper. He would take a cargo of staves, hoops, heading, of all kinds and sizes and pack them into a ship promiscuously, and ship them to the West Indies, and there they would set up the casks of all kinds and descriptions, and finish them off and sell them at a big profit. One day he was at work on a hogshead. A little negro was cutting around—his boss warned the boy, but he took no warning. By and bye the boss hit him a clip, and the body fell into the unfinished cask which was headed up without removing the body, and filled with good W. I. molasses. No wonder this kind of molasses is black and has a funny taste (grange molasses)! All things being ready, they started on their return. When they had got to American waters they were sighted and chased by a British cruiser. The British could outsail them, but they could run the shallowest water; so they entered a channel and were hopeful of getting away, when lo! another cruiser was discovered coming from the opposite direction, leaving them between the two. No hope now. Taking to their boats, putting in such effects as they could get hastily, one armful of muskets among the rest and then pulled for the shore. But by this time the British were so close they had to abandon the boats and climb up the banks on the shore. The British sent a volley of balls which struck all about them, but they kept right on, determined to get away if they could. The woods were near, but when they came to that the cannon balls went screeching over their heads, cutting limbs from the trees, which fell like hailstones all around them, notwithstanding not one of the whole crew of twelve was hurt. This stripped Dennis of everything, and it rather stuck in his crop, for he enlisted as soon as he could get a chance, on the American side; was

taken prisoner by the British and was kept on the old prison ship, old hulks anchored in New York harbor. Here he was kept without much food or clothing; and then they would offer the prisoners plenty of both food and clothing if they would desert. Their sufferings were terrible while in that condition. Some were overcome by hunger and cold and did desert, and received an abundance of food. The British would bring such and compare them with the starved prisoners, they being plump, while those who remained were skeletons. But Dennis despised food and clothing on such conditions. Then they offered him large sums of money; but none of these things moved him. He had rather die than disgrace himself and his country. Many did die, but he was strong and held out until exchanged. At another time he had the care of the medicine chest, and assisted the doctors in their work. One day a cannon ball came through the house and took off the back part of a man's hips. He wished Mr. Dennis to do it up. He replied that it was too big a job for him. Again, as he was on a retreat with Washington a cannon ball cut the sign-post off, and in its fall it killed three Americans. Again, he tells of being parolled as prisoner of war; was being taken on a vessel from New York to Boston for exchange. On the route they were taken thirteen times from their vessel and examined, and as many times returned to their vessel. At the Declaration of Independence he was at Castle Garden; assisted in making the mock King out of lead and placing him on the horse made of the same material, and hurrahd for Lord North, the King, and the Devil; and then tore the same to pieces and cast them into bullets.

In the year 1780 he, with several others, emigrated to New Hampshire. He bought in the town of Hancock a lot called Blanchard's Mile Square, containing 640 acres. He sold two farms from his lot, reserving about 360 acres. This lot, one of the best in town is situated in the southeast part of the town, bounded on the east by the Contoocook River. For three years Mr. Dennis spent only his summers in Hancock, returning to Ipswich in the winter. He built a hut near the river, in which he lived, doing his own work, living alone. He made a wooden plate from which he ate his food. During the third summer of his stay he built a log house a short distance from his hut. The following spring, 1784, he took his wife with him. Mrs. Dennis rode from Andover, Mass., on horseback, carrying her child, a year and a half old, in her arms, a distance of fifty miles, with a window for her house strapped on behind. This window had six small panes of glass, and for several years was the only glass window in town. She was considered very proud with her extensive outfit of a glass window, half a doz. plates, cups and saucers, and as many silver spoons, a tea-kettle and spider. They lived in their log house a few years, then built a frame house, where they lived until 1800, when they built a large house in which they lived the remainder of their lives, excepting a few years that they lived with William, their son.

Mr. Dennis was a man of great physical strength, lots of grit, and applied himself steadily to his work. The country was poor.

The government was hardly established. No money but continental money which was depreciated in value much worse than our greenbacks in time of war. When Dennis first started he had to pay \$100 of this money for a barrel of pork, and fifty dollars for a spider to cook it in; and seventy-five dollars for a small cow; his being in the army not helping him much in the money line.

Mr. Dennis was a man to know best was to know at his home, where had had kind words and thoughts for his family. He had some town offices given him, but his own affairs engrossed the most of his attention. He ordered his merchant not to let his account to get above \$5.00. It is said that he made the most of his money by keeping cattle and Merino sheep. His wife, Sally Frye, was a relative of the Fries of Revolutionary times, also Senator Frye, of the present day. As a result of this union, Moses Dennis and Sally Frye, there was born the following children: Moses, we will speak of him later; Sally, married Charles Simons, who had a small farm and was a "Jack at all trades"—would do well anywhere; Martha, married to Dr. John Baker Feb. 16, 1809; Samuel, born Jan. 26, 1788, was married and raised two children by his first wife, will speak of him again; Betsy, born June 3, 1790, married Simeon Lain, a farmer, Dec. 18, 1815; John, born March 1, 1793; Permelia, born Nov. 3, 1795, married Arcalus F. Whittemore Sept. 30, 1815, who moved to N. Y. and took up what is now known as the Peter Drake farm, on the Swale, and cleared about five acres per year until he died. A bear came one day and took a pig from the nest, a short distance from the house, and never stopped to pay the bill. We will speak of Permelia again; William, born Dec. 24, 1797, married Nancy White and lived on a part of the old homestead, took care of his father and mother for a time at the last, but never had any children.

Moses Dennis Jr. worked on the farm with his father when a young man. Being the eldest the blunt of the work fell upon him. He was married to Louis Eaton in the year 1810. He worked on the farm for a while. His wife Louis died when Frye was five years old, and Franklin but a few days old. The mother called her family together the night before she died, and talked with them of her departure, with great composure, and prayed for them and committed her children to the care and keeping of a covenant keeping God, and dismissed them with a mother's blessing. In the morning Frye went to his mother's room, and found her lifeless form wrapped in a winding sheet. He will never forget the feeling that came over him at that time, as small as he was. It may be that the prayers of that mother has had much to do in shaping the character and destiny of those two sons; for no prayer, or sigh, or tear ever escapes the notice of our Heavenly Father. Jane Graves was the girl who had the care of Mrs. Dennis in her last sickness and remained with the family for a while after the death of the mother. After awhile Mr. Dennis honored her by making her mistress of his house. The marriage took place about the year 1818. As a result of this union there were born, Fidilia and Mary Ann, while the family was still in N. H.,

and Martha after they moved to New York., only about a year before her father's death. Mr. Dennis at one time ran a saw and grist-mill combined, in N. H.

In 1824 Mr. Dennis came to Jasper, N. Y., and located the lot which his father afterward deeded to Frye and Franklin, and chopped five acres on it and burned it and logged some, finally let the job to Jedidiah Talbot to finish and sow, and fence the wheat. While here he boarded with Enoch Ordway. He was engaged in building his house too, and had to live with Elijah Peak's family, and then returned to N. H. The following spring he started for New York with his family. A Mr. Monroe, a brother-in-law, brought the goods in a lumber wagon with three horses, and the family with one horse and wagon. When they came to the North River all hands drove on to the scow boat and were propelled across by horse power, instead of by steam as now, and when they came to the shore on this side they quietly drove off the boat and came on their way rejoicing. There was on the boat, an Indian with a papoose strapped to a board. The girls thought it a funny way to carry a baby. The Indians tie their babies to a board to keep them straight. These overland trips from N. H. with teams were occasions of much merriment and no small amount of fun, as it needed something for spice in connection with the hardships. They usually put up at hotels. After being on the road seventeen days they arrived here in N. Y., May 27, 1825, and moved in with Mr. Ordway's folks while he built the log house that used to stand the opposite side of the road from the Ordway house. It was an extra house of the kind, the logs having been hewn in the inside in such a manner that they could be ceiled up, and this way have a fine finish. The last log on each end, and also through the center projected 8 or 10 feet; a plate being put on, and the rafters or roof extended clear out, forming an open stoop on the south side of the house; a chimney in the center and a good room in each end.

It was considerable work to get his family settled in their new home. His time had been taken up so much through the next year that he was able to clear only about three acres, but his wheat helped him. The second year he commenced chopping some, but about the First of Jan., 1827, he was suddenly taken sick. He had had similar attacks before, in N. H., but the doctor was unable to tell what ailed him, but at this time it was more severe, the doctor still ignorant of the trouble. Dr. Wm. Hunter had commenced practice at that time, but was gone when he was first taken, and returned a few days before his death, but too late to save him by an operation, for it was a rupture, only higher up than usual. Dr. Hunter told the writer that if he had seen him in the start he could have saved him by an operation. Mr. Dennis was in full strength, and although his sufferings were untold, he held out for 17 days. The boys built a log barn with bay floor and stables, after the father's death. His body was buried in the Spencer burying ground, and his grave is there to-day without

anything to mark the spot, yet can be seen. Frye knows not where it is located.

At this time Frye was 16, and Franklin 11 years of age. Their grandfather had already been up, and deeded each of the boys 80 acres of land, with money which came from the Frye family, the grandmother's side, Frye taking the west 80, and Franklin the east 80 acres; costing \$1.25 per acre—\$200. The boys, Frye and Frank, kept on with the work, chopping and clearing. The first few years they made a "bee" to get their logging done, as they had no team, but soon they raised a yoke of oxen and then bought a cart. This made them more independent. They cleared about five acres per year, and sometimes more, for about 7 years. Had good crops; as much as 100 bushels of wheat in one year. Had pasture, meadow, cattle, colts and sheep—and also a pet sheep which chased the writer and made him run like a white head. When I came to a pile of logs I jumped on and faced about, when the chap stopped, seeming to dare me to come down. The sheep were kept for the wool, which was used in those days, and was worked up by hand for the family clothing. They also made their own sugar. One Saturday night the boys thought that there was too much sap to finish, so they quit in good season for the Sabbath. Their mother thought they might have worked longer. There had been a long run, and the boys were tired, but they went back and went to boiling, and stuck to it all night until late Sunday morning, when they finished up, and brought the syrup to the house, feeling that they had matched the old lady after all.

One day the boys into something of a frolic. I think Frank poured some sap on Frye. Of course he must watch him, so he took some thick syrup and poured it all over Frank's head. Boys wore their hair long in those days. The only way he could get rid of the dose was to have his hair cut close to his head.

One time the old sow tore the slat off the gate leading to the gardae, and got to the potato heap that was partly used up, and went to rooting for potatoes in the straw, her head out of sight. The boys thought to give her a good cut with a club, both approaching unconscious to the hog, when one gave her a clip with his club, which sent her flying between the other's legs, to the hole in the gate, where she stripped him off and left him standing face backward, after being carried on her back three or four rods, to the gate. She was nothing abashed for what she had done.

One year the boys did not get the peas sowed "in the moon." Mrs. Dennis said more than the boys thought was called for. The next year they told her they wanted to know the time to sow peas. One night she said, "to-morrow is the time to sow peas." (Mrs. Dennis did not seem to understand how to get along with boys). When they got up in the morning it was raining, had rained all night; but the peas were to be sown in the moon this time, so one of the boys got the oxen, the other the peas, and went to work. The ground was wet. It was still raining; but the peas were sown and plowed in as she had said. When they came to the

house at night, they felt that they had had their own way after all. Result: no peas, but the ground was as hard as the road. After awhile Frye got to be his own master. He raised a pair of steers, lost one and traded the other to Mr. Walker, for a cart, which he used on his farm afterward—I remember it well.

After Frye had been in N. Y. nine years, he thought to get himself back to his old home, and among his kindred in New Hampshire. He never let his family know of his intentions until the night before he was to start. They felt quite badly, but he felt it was for his interest to go, and so he went. Joseph Woodward went with him. They started off on foot; were fourteen days on the road. The first two years Frye worked for his uncle William for \$12 per month, on the old Dennis homestead in Hancock. The next year he worked for a man by the name of Wood, for \$12 per month, after which returned to N. Y., for he began to want to see the girl he had left behind so long—Sarah Woodward. He brought back for his three years' work, \$300, cash, after clothing himself in good shape; as well as the satisfaction that he had done something toward a start in life. The following season he worked for his uncle Samuel Dennis, in Jasper. The writer was at the Esquire's one night, when Horace Stiles came in and told Frye that Sarah Woodward was up to Whiting's. He was not long in getting ready and going up. It appears, she had been gone for a while. Soon after Frye's return from N. H. he bought a lot of 60 acres, of George Wood, paying \$150, for improvements, and paid the balance to the land-office, 20 or 25 acres being cleared on it; a log house and small log barn.

Not far from this time there was a meeting held by Hubbard and Elder Sherwood, at the school house, near where Willard Talbot now lives. It was here at this time that S. F. Dennis took the most important step of his life, for he became a christian, and gave himself up to God, to be his for time and eternity. He joined the Church in 1839, with several others, Rev. Noah Cressa pastor at the time. Mr. Dennis has always had a great regard for the bible, and since he has retired from busines, he has more time to devote to its study, and he sees more and more of its beauty and adaptation to the needs of men, and studies it with increasing delight. Samuel F. Dennis was married September 27th, 1838. His wife kept house for her folks while they took a trip to New Hampshire. Frye finished up his second year's work for his uncle, Samuel Dennis. So when they were ready to move, she came on horse-back while he brought the goods with team. It was so near night when they arrived at their house that they had not time to arrange their goods, save only a place to sleep and a box for a table. The next day, however, they put things in order and went to keeping house in good earnest.

Mr. Dennis used a yoke of oxen as his team. He used to make things "get there." He was lively himself and would inspire his team with the same spirit. Frye soon found it necessary to enlarge his improvements, and cleared the side-hill next to Hadley's line, as well as the top of the hill above, and also, after a while, a

fallow on the south part of the first eighty acres.

Frye and Franklyn bought the Punches place together, running it two or three years together. Then Frye bought Franklin out for \$1,000. These two brothers were mutual helps to each other in their business matters, being almost exactly opposites. One had lots of go-ahead, the other was cautious. It needed the one for sail and the other for ballast, and their influence upon each other had its effect in leveling up. So both stand higher to-day on the account of his associations with the other. They lumbered together for about five years. The last year they lumbered from William Clark's place.

In due time there was a little one born to Frye and Sarah Dennis—Lois. When she was about two years old—the year of the dreaded disease bloody dysentery—she was stricken with it and died in a very short time. Almost every one that had the disease died—her cousin Abigail Dennis, Mrs. Batchelder, Mrs. Schenck, Mrs. Walker, and others. This was in the year of 1841.

At first Mr. Dennis used to exchange work to get in his hay. After a while he hired help. Frye was always at his best in the hay-field, never taking a back seat. The man that could turn a handsomer doubler than he could, had something to do. He also liked a little fun once in a while. When spreading a swath he would get to going with some one, faster and faster, and by and by he would drop his fork and run for the end as fast as he could.

When Frye came into possession of Punches' place he began to keep more cattle—fifteen to twenty head of two-year-olds at one time—which he would usually sell together. After a while he bought the sixty acres of Batchelder, making 300 acres in a body, and then commenced keeping sheep, in which business he made the most of his money. After a while he kept cows, and sometimes young stock.

S. F. Dennis always bore a good round share in church expenses, and Mrs. Dennis was with him in that as well as in every other good work.

Frye was an excellent hand to care for sheep. He seemed to possess a sort of instinct: he would feel, I ought to go and look after such a flock. He would go, and most always would find a sheep cast, or in some way needing help, and that would have been lost but for his care.

Mr. Dennis was the first to get a mower in this neighborhood. He always intended to have good tools.

While Frye was gone to New Hampshire there were charges going on at the old homestead. Franklin went on with the farm work for one or two years, and then hired out to McMaster, the first year for \$10 per month and the second year for \$11 per month. Peak's boys worked the old farm. It was a pleasant place to work. McMaster was lively and full of fun. Kertlain was there too. He liked a joke, and if it came on himself he enjoyed it just the same. All went in for a good time. McMaster went out hunting one day and found a deer laying down close to

him. He fired at it, and came to the house and stated that he had wounded a deer and wanted Kertlain to put the gray-bound onto the deer and catch it. The dog caught the deer, but the only wound there was on it was a ball hole through each ear. Then they had a joke on Mack. It was long before he heard the last of the wounded deer. It was while here that Franklin formed his taste for lumbering, for I have heard him say that the rattle of Mack's old mill was the sweetest music in his ear. So it is that circumstances in early life often make an impression on the mind that is never effaced.

A little before the above events there appeared a man by the name of J. Clark, a lawyer. He had stood at the head of his profession in this county, had the handling of many intricate cases, both in this state and in Pennsylvania. He was the father of Mrs. Reed Prentice. He had a fine family of children—Charles, William and Nancy Clark, all fine people, but it was said that Clark had used too much whiskey in early life. I never knew of his using much afterwards. He made his addresses to Mrs. Jane Dennis in his gentlemanly manner, and was finally accepted, when they were married. This made a new head, which separated from the old home and went on the farm now occupied by George Panches, taking the personal property with the family which was right to their new home, 4 cows, 35 sheep, and 2 colts and a horse. Their start consisted of a log house, and a few acres of cleared fallow, which he put into spring crops; but they went to clearing more land; after awhile built the barn which is there now, and by the mother's wise management, for it was acknowledged by all that her business talent was first-class. The family were kept in comfortable circumstances. Clark being lame and feeble, was not able to render much help.

The girls were finally married off; then she built the house that Panches lives in now.

Jarvis Talbot rendered valuable services at this time, in team work, etc., which she amply repaid in kind acts in times of sickness.

Mrs. Clark had plenty of property for her support in her old age and left the farm to her heirs. She was a woman of great force of character, kind-hearted, and good in case of sickness. The writer will never forget her kind acts to his mother in her sickness, although he was not more than five years old at the time. Her sufferings were untold, for she died with a cancer.

Franklin Dennis was married March 28, 1837, and moved the next day into Frye's house, the one his father built, and lived there until he built on his own place. He made sugar that spring, all and more than was needed in the family for the year. He put in the crops and cut the hay on Frye's part as well as on his own.

Strawberries were very thick, we used to have lots of them.

Old Dinah was the old yellow cow's name. She was thin and spare built, but good for milk and butter. She furnished the butter for the family, besides a tub to sell.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis seemed to enjoy each other's society in

their new home and life had all its fair prospects opened up to them. A deed of eighty acres of land besides the money earned working out was a start that but few had in those days, and he went at work determined to make the most of what he had. In the fall he hired Bill Butler to help him log. One day I did not get out quite as soon as the rest did. Butler said "I guess youm lazy." I think he had a bee and got quite a lot logged and he and Butler finished logging; he must have put this into wheat, and it was so stout that it had to be reaped with a sickle, in fact that was the usual way of getting grain in those days. This was taken to the log barn on Frye's part, and it was this crop that was the first to be thrashed with machine, a mullay thrasher, and straw separated by hand rake and cleaned with fanning mill; there was a large stack of straw which had to be pitched up by hand. The thrasher power was an eight horse power and would run the cylinder strong. It took as many hands to thrash then or more than it does now; say three to rake, and then the straw had to be separated from the chaff and got to the stack. But there was no money market for wheat in those days as there is now, a bushel or two for work or something of that kind was about all the sale that could be made, say pay for chopping, logging or a few days in haying or harvesting, could be paid in wheat.

Mr. Dennis had several head of cattle, for I remember having to climb over head to reach the pins in the stanchions to let them out of the old log stable. In the winter the cattle did eat quite holes way into the straw stack, large enough to let the creature in. Now there were two large crops of wheat thrashed at the log barn; the second one, I think, was thrashed by Richard Wood with flail. I should say that this was in 1839. This was the fall Serena was born. We all thought the baby a fine affair, but could not see why it squalled so much. I think the house was built in 1840 on the farm over the hill. Austin Butler was the carpenter; Dennis worked with him some on the frame. Uncle Ben Lamphire, his stone layer, got the cellar just the width of the wall too narrow, but did not find it out until the wall was two feet high, then he dug right out the width of the cellar and commenced a new wall, which caused a jog that was always in the cellar and was often handy to lay things on. This season was an early one. The house was raised the 3d of May. The carpenter enclosed it and laid the kitchen floor, fixed shelves in the pantry. Dennis was handy with tools and ceiled the kitchen up himself, and done considerable more to make things comfortable, but the chamber floors were only thrown down, nor was the east room. I have often wondered, as handy as he was with tools, that he did not work at it for a couple of weeks, and lay these floors. But he had always so much else to do. The chambers were open—the snow would blow in so I could be tracked down stairs many a time in the morning. But people did not know that they could have things in those days, so as to take any comfort.

The family had moved in the fall before he done the work spoken of. I think he built his first barn 36 x 46 the next season, Jacob Stewart was the carpenter. This was about the year 1841 or 1842.

One winter he made shingles in the east room. Just before dark he would split out a lot, as he could shave them in the evening; often he would stint himself pretty hard and shave until 10 or 11 o'clock at night. At first he would throw the shavings out of the window and take them from the house and burn them, but after awhile they got to accumulating, and finally were left until the snow went off in the spring, when we had a job to take them all away, for the pile was very large. It was 24 inch shingles that he made at this time, only a few bunches of 28 inch shingles for special purposes. I think he sold his shingles to Hall's this time (the price was small, \$3.50 for 28 inch).

This year he cleared the six acres south of the windfall, and sowed a part to wheat. We could see the deer on the wheat in the day time, two or three at a time, from the house. The year following he cleared what was known as the eight acre lot, on the south-east corner of the clearing where he afterwards pastured his horses. Seeded it to clover and mowed it the following year. This was my first experience in mowing. It was the last of haying, he had had no use for it as pasture so he cut it if it was new. He got a lot of hands, the swaths were thirty-two rods long, back-aching work to mow through stumps, roots and stone for that distance without stopping, but a fine lot of hay. About this time the hand cradle was one of the wonders and soon came into general use. Saml. Lamphire was the neighborhood cradler and worked at it every day from wheat harvest until oats were cut. Not long after this the stove came to take the place of the fire place, and a god-send it was, being so much easier for the women to cook on. These chimneys were such cumbersome things, they started from the cellar bottom in an arch form, came up through the first floor, there a broad hearth, then a fire place for each room as they usually were built in the house, from there clear out through the roof, and such a mass of stone and mortar as they were. They were quite an item in the expense of building in those days too, but the stove has driven them to the wall.

Mr. Dennis bought a pair of white oxen of Frank Hadley, one of them had his sides freckled like pepper and salt, were the only color spots on him; the other one was white as snow, save it may be a little color on one ear. They were a splendid pair of cattle too. He finally sold them to Kertlen. He bought and sold oxen after this, doing well; Mr. Dennis was a good judge of them too. It was with these oxen that he drew logs down to Delrymple's mill (the France place now). He worked early and late, made four trips per day. The winter was a long one too, and sleighing fine. He sold the logs for a note and let the note go for an old mare and colt. The old mare had a bald face, white legs (home-ly;) the colt was just like her only more so, the whole business was worth perhaps fifty or sixty dollars and no more, and all for

we will say sixty thousand feet of fine pine lumber cut and drawn to the mill. Well he could sell his fine pine lumber for most as much as he can sell his slabs for now and not much more, and hard to get cash at that. Well that was about the pay folks got for work in those days.

I must not forget the measles for we all had them. I came down first, then Mr. Dennis and all of the children. Albert was little, we stripped him and sat him on his father's lap. As he stood up he did look funny enough, red as could be all over. This was in 1846.

From this time Mr. Dennis began to reach out farther and do business on a larger scale. First he commenced a series of fallows just below Turner's barn going east, 44 rods square, 11 acres each. Only about half of the first one was dry enough for winter wheat, the balance he sowed to spring wheat; a poor crop of spring wheat, but a good one of winter wheat. He would commence in the fall, after crops were gathered in, and underbrush what he could and perhaps chop some before snow came. Then he would go at work cutting logs and getting them ready to draw. When sleighing came he would go at it and draw sometimes with two yoke of oxen.

After awhile he got a horse team. The first pair he bought of Dan Cross. If he made anything out of Cross, he was the first man, yet they were good to work; but he soon got rid of them.

Among the many trials Mr. Dennis' folks had to contend with, the hired girl was not the least. Quite apt to be poor help indeed, but there was one girl by the name of Jane Austin that worked for them many years, she was strong and a good girl too, too good sometimes for her own good. She could spin and do all kinds of housework well. She would sometimes go out and rake after in haying for which he gave her extra pay, but it was too much for any woman to do the work there and work out of doors too, but people do not always think what they are doing. After Jane was married, Sarah Lyon worked there. She was the best hand to make sour bread, and if it was good she would bake it with moonlight; but such remarks as she would get off would make us all laugh in spite of ourselves. She was strong, but young, and no practice in housekeeping.

After the logs were drawn we would have our wood to get, and chop in fallow what we could before spring work. After spring work, we would finish up chopping fallow and get it ready to burn before haying, and would log a part, or the most of it, and after harvest finish up logging, and clear it off and get it sowed and dragged in in September.

Mr. Dennis' life was one of unrelenting toil, and it did seem that he never needed any relaxation, or ever got tired; but he was a great hand to sleep nights; would lay down and sleep rainy days, and many times Sundays.

The foregoing description of one year was repeated most exactly for four years in succession. He afterward cleared about the same every year. I have often thought his frame must have

been made of steel or he could never have endured such a strain for so long a time. I used to want some rest and let up, but he never, and was ready to bouse from one job to another, and could hardly wait to complete the first before engaging in the second.

But to think of the fine timber that was destroyed on that farm. Pine, oak, hickory, and lots of fine hemlock too—no such timber to be found now anywhere. When he cleared the fallow known as hickory ridge, it was situated on the north side of the fields now owned by Ploss and Turner. A little west of the line was a grove of hickory, some 100 in number, in a clump together. He had underbrushed this fallow in the fall and chopped some. Knapp had helped chop. In June following Mr. Dennis hired Philip Bessey, Frank Batchelder and Newell Batchelder, and all hands went in to finish up the fallow. We had breakfast at five. Went to chopping at six; lunch at ten; dinner at noon; lunch at four; supper at quitting time, say nearly at sundown. Philip, Frank Batchelder and Frank Dennis were considered first-class in chopping in those days. Newell and I were boys. Now, if I should tell you how those three choppers took down and chopped up the large trees, as well as the small ones, you would hardly believe me. Let me tell you of just one. A red oak, two and one half feet through—just got right on to it and chopped the logs off in such short time, too. These were all men of great strength, and masters of the science of chopping, too; brought up to it from boys. No one can see such chopping now, for no one can chop as fast as they did. This chopping was finished up in a little more than two weeks. The last day "Phip" and I chopped alone in the afternoon. We had a large basswood, a large bushy top maple to cut and a number of hickories, the exact number I dare not attempt to give now, but think there were 15 or 18 large, tall, overgrown hickories, 20 inches through. Phip did not feel well the fore part of the afternoon, but at lunch time he felt better. The hickories looking at us. Fip stuttered out, "I'll have them all down before I leave." He commenced on the south side of the clump, and notched on each side of the trees and so we went back. I could hack a little while he was chopping; all that was necessary, but not much. Finally we got to the last one. He fell that against the one next to it, knocking it against No. 3, and so they went on, one falling against its neighbor, until all were hit, and all lay down. Only think, what a sight, for fifteen or eighteen trees, tall, slim and large too, all go down at one blast and that caused by a man and a boy, and all in less than three hours' time. I never saw anything like it before, and I never expect to see anything equal to it again. It seemed that he just shoved his axe right into the timber every blow he struck. We never touched a limb after they were down, being fell together they nearly all burned up before the fire went out in the fallow, as it would hang in the bark and hard timber for days after fallow burned. There was also a large white oak, the stump nearly 5 feet across. Measured off when it was cut, five 12-ft. logs, or rail cuts, and not a limb, straight as a candle and holding its size well. When

the fallow burnt the fire got into the bark near the top, for days going toward the butt. Finally I put the fire out when there was but eleven feet of the tree left. Now you see just about what timber was considered worth and how careless folks were about it.

About these times we used to have quite times with logging bees, sometimes would get eight or ten acres logged in one day—and lots of fun (sheep meat and pumpkin pie.) It was about this time that he built the large barn down on the flat, and also cleared three or four acres right in the pine grove south of the new barn, and went in and hewed his timber from the finest pine that ever grew out of the ground; the barn was large and took a lot of it too. One day when they were hewing, a large limb broke from a falling tree and hung over where they had to work. The stick was turned down, just as Jed Stephens went to lay out stick. The limb started and I gave the alarm. It seemed to me that Jed jumped twelve feet; the limb struck in his tracks as he left.

It seemed to me that there was no end to the work that year, drawing timber, stone, lumber and shingles, besides the farm work and clearing fallows. We worked for Crosby to pay him for laying wall. The winter's work had been hard. Had cut and drew the pine timber from Jerry Wood's place the winter before, down to Bridgeman's mill; the following winter from Norway lot, now owned by Charley Travis. He drew and sold that to Bridgeman; so you can see that it was one continuous whirl of work the year round; and not a bit of chance for any leisure. I used to get tired of it, but he never. It just fitted him, what he was made of I never could see, such excitement would weary me, but it was his element. They had quite a number of children. He did his share in caring for them, but nothing seemed too much for him to do. When they were first married, for several years he would go to Bath on foot to trade, doing his trading and returning the same day, bringing his goods with him.

Mr. Dennis about this time got to buying lots of pine timber. Bought a lot of Willson. It stood on the lot now owned by P. B. Stone. He cut and drew the logs to the Corners and sold them to Pete MacNeal, and Prent Stone has the stumps to-day for his share. Frye was in these lumber jobs with him all the way through, and shared work and gain. They bought all of the timber on L. Crosby's farm, and cut and skidded the logs down by the Spencer road, and sold the same to Hamilton Marlatt, and did well in the job, but Marlatt did not have much left for his profits. They bought timber off of the W. H. Prentice place. Bought timber and lumbered from Millwaukee and sold their lumber not very well.

He had chopped a fallow through to the Knapp road, of about twelve acres; got a poor burn, but logged it the next spring. Had two sets of hands, Frank Batchelder with his team and himself with another, with a set of hands to follow each. He sowed this to wheat. The year after the lodged oats were taken off, he put twelve head of two-year-olds, into the field. but let it get some-

thing of a start before turning in. They did well too. Show me the piece of pasture ground that will do that now.

At this time he owned the Knapp place and we had the hay to cut on that too. Not far from this he bought a horse of Dr. Deck and one of Eben Hatch. They did not look alike but were both young, worked well together and made one of the best of teams, quite heavy too. He used this team one or two years in lumbering in Milwaukee in about the year 1848.

About this time Franklin says to Frye, 'buy the Punches place, but Fry felt afraid; finally they bought it together, and shcked up and cleared off all an the east side of the road, plowed the most of it in the fall, and sowed the whole business, thirty acres, to oats the spring following. The oats were fairly good but had some trouble in getting the crop on account of rains (some damaged). I don't remember the amount of grain, but some over a thousand bushels, sold them for 25 cts. per bushel. The straw was stacked in a large stack and he turned a large stock of cattle to it, twelve or fifteen head, and engaged Frank Batchelder to feed and care for them, but he found that they would gnaw the stack, so he did not go near them for a long time. When Dennis found out what was going on the cattle were many of them in a bad shape. He at once had them removed over to the barns at home, but it was too late, for many had received their death blow, yet we commenced to feed them good hay, notwithstanding some nine to twelve of them died before spring; there were some yearlings, over twenty in number in the whole lot. At the same time he had about a dozen calves at the Knapp place, Doty fed them for awhile, but gave it up and I had the whole business to care for and tried to go to school at the same time; also the stock at the old barn. It seemed that it took nearly half a ton of hay per day for these young cattle. Some of the time the horses were at home for me to care for. This was in the year of '48 or '49.

The cattle were sold to Jesse Brown and went upon the Brown place, where he kept them for a year and sold them for about the same as he gave. Cattle were very low, besides, the stunt hurt them.

John Shaul worked for Frye one year or more.

And now we come to the twenty-acre fallow. He had it partly underbrushed in the fall, we went in and cut roads Thanksgiving day and had our turkey red hot for supper. A portion of the fallow was thickly covered with pine. This he cut and skidded out on the south side of the fallow, and sold to Pete McNeal a portion of them. He drew with his teams, John Shaul driving the horse team. It was a long, tedious job to get these logs out of the way, so many of them; it was chop, saw, skid; work, work all the time. I got sick of it. But by and bye it was finished, warm weather came again, and with warm weather chopping commenced again. Jacob Holt and John Shaul were the hands. Chop, chop; it did seem that there was no end of it. We had to hurry to get ready for spring's work. By the way, I think that it was about this time that potatoes began to rot, and rotted for sev-

eral years. Spring's work over, it was chopping again. Dalrymple had some pines on this fallow. Dennis had bought sixty acres of Dalrymple and had let some wheat go on the debt (these they cut after the fallow was burnt.) After awhile the fallow was chopped.

One day Mr. Dennis went to Corning with team, to be gone two days. It had been dry for several days. The second day I began to fear it would rain before he got back; so I got some help and set the fallow, but I have always been sorry, for it did not rain, and it would have been so nice for him to have been there to oversee the matter himself. Really I felt that I had done him a great wrong. The timber was pine and hemlock mostly, and the fire a fearful one. When the fire met in the middle it threw brush and poles nearly to the tops of the standing pines that were there. The blaze lapped its tongue around the tops of those standing trees, and shot away high above them. The sight I shall never forget. All the damage done was that the crop on the east side of the fallow was scorched for a few rods next to the fallow.

Then there was business. The rail timber and such logs as were left had to be cut. Then he got together two lots of hands. Frye's force worked for a while. He had his oxen for one team; also Franklin's oxen. John Shaul worked for Frye that summer and logged on this job. There was an Englishman whom we called Charlie. He was not worth a straw for help, for he knew nothing about logging, and would always get his lever in the wrong place, but he made more fun than all the rest, for when he did make a mistake he would make some funny remark that would cause us all to laugh.

One day as we went out from dinner he climbed to the top of a high fence and spread himself as though he was going to jump, and said "did you ever see me jump?" We all said no. "Nor you won't" was his quaint reply, and quietly got down off the fence.

We got the logging nearly done before haying. Mr Dennis cut a piece of new-ground clover east of the new barn.

Jacob Holt was Franklin's hand. It was while raking on this that my hand rake caught some uncut clover and gave my side a wrench which proved to be a bad one. This was on Saturday that he finished up this field, and Monday morning all hands went for the Punches place—Frye's hands with the rest. Frye took his swath with the best. We got to mowing very fast. Franklin scolded, saying that there was no use of mowing so fast. About two o'clock there came up a shower. I took the horses and rode home in the rain. My side had hurt all day, and I took cold. The next morning I could not do a thing, and was sick for a long time, but the haying went on just the same; and the harvest also.

He cut a piece of winter wheat this year, summer fallowed, next to Fry's line, on the south side of the clearing. He only

sowed one and one-fourth bushels of seed, per acre, on this; but the crop was big heads, and large kernels.

One morning he wished to draw with two teams. The cart was down to Mrs. Clark's. I could not work, but took the oxen and went after the cart. When I turned in toward the house, the oxen started on the run. I looked ahead and saw Albert right in the track, just where the wheel would strike him. I said whoa to the oxen in a very cool way. To my great relief they stopped when the wheel had got within three feet of the child. I got off, and took him into the house; feeling thankful that he was safe.

I was taken down sick from this; and stayed at Mr. Lamson's through my sickness; and I was sick enough too. Mr. Lamson's folks took good care of me; for which I have always felt grateful. My brother Charles took care of me nights. I had an abscess in my side. Dr. S. Mitchel attended me.

Mr. Dennis, after haying and harvest, finished up, and sowed the twenty acre fallow. Holt, his hand, was a miserable hand with a team. He got one horse to kicking while dragging fallow. Mr. Dennis always took the blunt of his work.

After I went to Mr. Lamson's it was about three weeks before I was able to come home.

Now I have not said much about Mrs. Dennis. Not that she was not worthy; but because I could not say everything in this short work. Martha E. Dennis was a lady of real worth, possessing a good mind, strong reasoning powers, well informed; but her health was poor. Her husband owed more of his success to her than is generally supposed. They used to counsel together on his business matters, which gave him time to deliberate before acting. Her judgment was good. Really she was his balance-wheel, and proved a great help to him though she was not able to work much, and when she was taken away, the loss was a great one, both to him and her family. Martha was born Nov. 24. 1849. Mrs. Dennis died the same day. Thus winds up the first twelve years of Franklin Dennis' married life.

Franklin and Frye went on with their lumbering through the winter. Franklin had then cleared 125 acres, built a house, two barns,—one a large one; and dug a well, set out an orchard, bought and paid for 167 acres of land, besides the eighty acres his grandfather gave, making a total of two hundred and forty-seven acres in a body, besides the Doty place, which was partly paid for.

Frank and Frye dealt in cattle quite extensively. One time they went out into Allegany Co. and bought cattle. Dr. Hunter was in with them at this time, and selected a few of the best and sold out, which spoiled the sale of the balance. Frye and Frank both opposed him in the sale; so they held and were afterwards compelled to sell for less than the first offer.

At Mrs. Dennis' death it left the house a lonesome one. She had been away from home but very little. Her favorite place to sit was at the foot of the bed, with her back against the wall, and was almost always seen in this position with her pipe, smoking as

we came in from the road; but the thought that we should see her no more was hard to bear. Mrs. Stowell's kind services were secured which was a great benefit to the family. She was a capable housekeeper, took the best of care of the baby, and the rest of the family as well. Mr. Dennis had already bought the Doty place.—Stan Ploss place now, and in the spring following moved first down on the Knapp place, and when Doty had gone, Dennis moved up on Doty's place.

I worked the Doty sap-bush that spring for Dennis, and brought the syrup to the Knapp place and sugared off out of doors, and had a scale with the children because they were eating my sugar, and chased them all over with a fish pole for a whip: which sport they enjoyed as well as I.

Mr. Dennis let the farm on the hill to Eben Filmore, and worked the Doty place himself. John Shaul and I cut a fallow for him that summer, of five or six acres, which he never logged.

Right here seemed to be a change in Mr. Dennis' life. Living in a new place, surrounded by different associations, everything presenting a new aspect. His associations were in a different neighborhood and surrounded by different individuals; but he was not long in accommodating himself to the new conditions of life.

It was before haying that he brought Miss Abbie Boardman from N. H. as his wife, for he was married July 1, 1850. He arrived home in due time. His children were about him; he also had one to whom he could confide the interests and care of the family, and found himself directing and presiding over his business matters, and soon had them running in full force again, and lively, too, for he had a way of making his help feel good.

He bought the cream horses of Lamson for his team. He also had a yoke of oxen and cleared a piece on the Doty place. Wentworth chopped it for him.

Franklin Dennis up to this time had always been at the head of his work in person; and any man who thought to do more than he could had something to do; but from this time his cares were so many, so much to look after that I hardly think he took the blunt of the work any longer; nor would it have been wise for him so to do.

From this time my relations with the family ceased. My mother having lived around her brothers and sisters for 13 years, I felt the burden too great for them to bear longer, and made arrangements and brought her home.

Now permit me to devote a chapter to Samuel F. Dennis, who was married Sept. 27, 1838. His wife kept house for her folks while they took a trip to N. H. Frye finished up the summer's work for his uncle Samuel Dennis. After her folks came back they got their things together, and along toward night they started for their new home on the farm. She rode her own horse, while he drove the team, bringing the gods. It being nearly night when they arrived, they had no time to arrange their effects that night, have only a place to sleep and a box for a table. The

next day they put their things in order and commenced life in earnest.

Mr. Dennis' team was a yoke of oxen. He used to make them get there, for he was lively himself and would inspire his team with the same spirit. Mr. Dennis soon found it necessary to enlarge his improvements, and consequently cleared the sidehill field next to Hadley's, and on top of the hill, and after a while a large fallow on the south side of the eighty acres.

I have said that Frye and Franklin bought the Punches place together. After running it together for two or three years Frye bought Franklin out for one thousand dollars.

Punches had hired Uncle Joseph Batchelder to chop a fallow below the road toward Hadley's. The season was a wet one, no chance to burn fallow, so it was left without clearing, but has always furnished the best of pasture. Not long after this he bought the sixty acres north of Punches place, of uncle Joseph Batchelder: making the round sum of three hundred acres, all in a body. Then came the keeping of sheep, in which business he made a success. After awhile he kept cows too, and also young cattle. Frye was excellent in caring for sheep; he seemed to have a sort of instinct, he would feel that he ought to go and look after such a flock—he would go—and most always would find that some sheep needed care. One's head in the fence, or one cast on its back; something or other out of sorts. He saved many sheep in that way.

Frye Dennis always bore a good round share in Church expenses; and he says now that he wishes he had done still more. Mrs. Dennis was with him in this as well as every other good work.

Mr. Dennis was the first in the neighborhood to get a mower.

In the last part of his active business life his work consisted in watching and overlooking his sheep and cattle; it was owing much to this oversight that his cattle never got in the habit of getting out. It took much of his time, but it paid him as well as any way he could have employed himself. Dennis was a good judge of cattle, which was a benefit both in buying and selling.

And now, as he has retired from his business, he feels that he has not been his own, or, has what he has had to handle been his; only been a steward to handle his Lord's money, as one that was responsible to his Master for its use and improvement. Knowing that his Lord was sure to call him to an account for the use he had made, not of his own, but of his Lord's talents or money. For God hath said, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and all that dwell therein;" and Mr. Dennis feels willing to acknowledge God as his sovereign and king, and it is his greatest care to be and do as will best please his God while he lingers on the stage. And as he is sensible that he is drawing near to the bank of the river, he has no fears of crossing; for he knows that his Master will have provisions made for his escort across, and will also receive him at the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he is already contemplating the difference between the old and

new life with Christ. In other words he is forgetting the things of the earth in some degree, and turning his attention toward things eternal. The study of his bible is his special delight, and the promises of God never came home to him with more sweetness than they do now; yet he is willing to wait all of his appointed time, and prays whether his days be many or few, that they may be filled up with usefulness and doing right.

The above remarks were related in a private conversation with Mr. Dennis, and he had no idea of their ever going farther than to the one to whom he spoke.

Now we will turn our attention to Franklin again. He was engaged in the mercantile business at one time. I think first with a man by the name of Knapp; afterwards with U. W. Metcalf. He ran a trade in '60 with Metcalf, continuing in business for several years.

It was about this time that the Batchelders bought or run the Dalrymple mill, where C. W. Ordway afterwards owned. They were to cut, draw and manufacture lumber to pay for property. Dalrymple was to furnish supplies as they went along so he gave their trade to Dennis & Metcalf. The trade amounted up fast and if Dalrymple had lived it would have been all right and paid, but Johnson, a son-in-law of Dalrymple, was a sharper and a rascal as well. Dalrymple died about this time. Johnson discovered some technical point in the charges, by which he could get rid of paying the Batchelder account; and he was not slow to take such advantage and throw Dennis & Metcalf out of the whole affair. He also cheated Batchelders out of all of their work, and drove them off empty handed, so there was no alternative but to lose the account. For some reason he must have lost in other directions, for he now says that his losses in the mercantile business were \$5,000.

Mr. Dennis was married in July, and bought the mill property the following Oct., valued at \$9,000. He sold the old farm on the hill to D. F. Woodward. Metcalf had the Knapp place, and a lot off the Newbold tract, leaving the Doty place and the mill property in his own hands. After he went to the mill he bought of C. W. Ordway sixty acres for \$500. situated above the mill, and cleared the whole lot in one fallow. Luzern did the work. The fire from such a fallow was a fearful one, and for all it was a dry time there was no damage of any amount done. There was lots of custom logs to saw then, and pine lumber began to be worth more. So for a time the mill business seemed to work well. The time had come for better sales of his pine lumber; and of course lumber was in quite good demand too. Again, he had so much land that he could keep cattle and sheep on quite a large scale. He had as many as 26 calves at one time, beside other stock, cattle and sheep. He also cleared 20 acres up toward Orlando Bridgeman's, but for some reason Lason gave up the job before it was finished. He bought Sulphur Lick hill and cut the timber off. I think he hewed this timber. He also bought the lot owned by Benedict and Charley Wood. A little later he bought the timber

off of Lamson's. So you see that if doing things makes a man he must have been a great man. Where he found strength to carry through all of his schemes I could never see. And yet he was like a river, no end to this kind of supply; full of vim, ready to attack any new scheme that promised success.

It was then that the thought of lumbering in Pennsylvania came up. He went and looked at a lot of timber and found that he could buy it at a bargain—a good one too; timber well bought. He went on to work, put in money, hired lots of help, and drove it through on a large scale all winter.

In the spring the war broke out, and lumber went down. No call or market, as everyone was being busily thinking about the war; and all of the help and money forces were directed in that direction, leaving no one to want or use lumber, for no one could build then.

Again, Mr. Dennis was unacquainted with Pennsylvania's laws and usages, and was himself altogether too honest to deal in Pa. Their laws are such that if a man has the least trouble or adversity the creditor has the power of pouncing upon, and can use up almost any man; and there are those that are not slow to improve on such opportunities.

It must have been in some such spot that Mr. Dennis found himself unawares. The turn of the times and all; for he had to sell lumber for \$4.00 a thousand that in six months was worth \$20.00 a thousand. I have always suspected this old Edgecomb in this matter, for Mr. Dennis says that his loss in this job was \$5,000, while in ordinary circumstances he could have come out with a fine margin for himself, above all expenses. But so it is; no one knows how quick the bottom will fall out of the best of plans. No man is infinite to see the future. The fall before no one ever thought of such a thing as a war with the south and if the machinery of the country had not been interrupted Mr. Dennis would likely have been all right. But what difference does it make if he did loose? had he not had all he needed in this life? We do not need as much of this world's goods as we think we do. We came into this world naked, and can carry nothing with us when we go hence; so if we have enough to supply our needs as we go along, let us be contented, and have our great treasure laid up in heaven.

These two heavy losses were a hard stroke to Mr. Dennis, but he bore it as few would, and went on with his business, not suffering himself to be unmanned or cast down. Rallying such available means as he could command he battled the thing through as few could. The family lived on the Doty place several years. A Mr. Brown and wife worked for Mr. Dennis, thus making a home for the hands at the mill. After a while the family moved down to the mill and lived there for several years. He built the red barn, repaired, or built the mill over; in fact he was never happier than when he had plenty on his hands to do. He run the mill property about fifteen years.

He left matters at the mill with Andrew and Albert and bought the June farm and moved on to it in about the year 1865, paying \$35.00 per per acre—185 acres \$6475.00. This was one of the finest farms in Jasper. It had a good sugar bush: it was good for grain or grass as the case required. Some of the time he raised large crops of wheat; sometimes quite a large stock of cattle which he bought and sold at a profit. At another time he had a lot of cows and took the milk to the cheese factory and did as well as the rest of us, which was not very well.

It always seemed to me that this was a happy part of his life. His family were where they had church and school privileges, and he entered into society; went to parties and had parties at his house and seemed to associate and mingle with people on a friendly scale and took much delight in such associations. His neighbors all seemed to think so much of him, everything must have been pleasant to him at this time. Still he kept his lumber business going to a greater or less degree, buying once in a while a lot of pine timber as he could find it, one he bought of R. Hilborn.

People regretted much that he thought it necessary to sell and move away. Three of the girls were married while on this farm; Martha, Augusta and Abbie.

After a while he traded with Waldo and took in exchange for his farm a house and lot in the village of Canisteo. Here his family began to divide off; Truman and Willis went into the shoe factory; but Willis did not follow this business very long.

Soon Dennis got into a timber, lumber and wood job for Dodge & Co., and if he did not get badly used he was the first man that ever had anything to do with a Canisteo man, of any amount, and came out whole. For I think that the business sentiment of the Canisteo valley is the lowest of any place in the county, at least; and some of the farmers were worse than the dealers themselves. The only sense of right was to gouge just as hard as they could to get anything, no matter how. And one that did not live among them had no chance at all in law, for their magistrate would decide the case in favor of the Canisteo man, no matter what the testimony might be; as some of the members of this family very well know. Ask Andrew about his beef.

Mr. Dennis was honest, and expected others were going to do as they agreed as well as himself, but such was not the case with the men that he dealt with in Canisteo. Well Canisteo has had something to bring it to reflection. First, they got caught in their own dishonest business schemes, showing that the way of transgressors is hard. Many of them had caught others by deception, and now their own trap was sprung upon their own heads and fell with fearful force, not only upon the guilty, but the innocent as well. Then they have had several cleansings, so as by fire. Again the floods came to see if it could wash and make them clean; and now, I hope, all unrighteousness has been cleared away. Yet there has been many fine people, business men too, in Canisteo, who have suffered as well as the guilty: for whom I

have the greatest regards. What I wish to say is that there were so many that had the impression that it was smart and right to trick, deceive, or take the advantage of any that chanced to come within their reach, no matter how many lies they had to tell or what course they had to take to catch their victim; but as I have said before, all were not of that class.

After staying in the village of Canisteo for a year or more Mr. Dennis bought the farm above, up the Hornellsville road. I always thought him nicely situated here, and I guess he did fairly well while there. Of course he had to be in business: he cleared fifty acres of fallow, put it in to wheat, and raised large crops of wheat on land belonging to others; lumbered, got wood, did everything, besides the running of his own farm.

It was here that the clouds began to gather over the heads of the family in the person of Mrs. Dennis. Her health began to fail so fast, and yet it was well that she did not know as yet how great her sufferings were to be and how long they were to be continued. Is it not good that the future is hid from us? We bear our trials better by not knowing what they are to be.

Then another cloud darkened their pathway in the loss of their little grandchild, Mabel. She was in their room so often, and thought so much of grandpa and grandma; so much company and cheer.

Mr. Dennis was very much affected by the wrongs he had sustained by those with whom he had been dealing at this time, but he headed them off on some points, and sustained his own rights, but there were better days coming. It is always darkest before day. Somehow he was not in his element until he bought the saw mill at Hornellsville; for lumbering is his element as much as water is for fish. He went on there; first bought mill property, then a lot of timber in the tree, cutting, drawing and sawing it up into merchantable lumber, and in this first effort he struck oil, and had a fine thing left for himself after paying all expenses, and he has kept right on year after year for eight years; buying a lot of timber, cutting, drawing and manufacturing it into lumber; and again he has been fortunate in his sales, and too, he has been highly favored by having his own boys to work all through, as they would guard his interests better and be truer to him than any uninterested person would, both of them having entered into the work with the same interest as they would had it been their own. Mr. Dennis estimates his net profits at fully \$1000 per year. This is not a bad pill to take. How different, now he could sell everything to a slab or edging and get almost as much for it as he used to get for the finest pine lumber in his early life. But the selling the main lot of lumber in a lump to one man, and right at the mill too, makes the anxiety and strain on his mind less, as it is soon settled up and done with. Yet I suppose he has some coarse lumber to sell in small quantities. But his greatest anxiety and care is for his wife. Her sufferings have been and are yet, so very great and he has been untiring in his care of her and I have noticed that when necessarily away

from home his greatest solicitude would be to get back so as not to disappoint her in being later than she had expected. Undoubtedly this unceasing attention that he has given her has been a great comfort to her in her great sufferings. Surely it has done much to lighten them. He seems to think that no pains or expense is too great to incur, that she might be made more comfortable, and this very thing will be an everlasting crown of honor to him, not only while he lives but through eternity as well.

Now permit me to say right here before I forget it, that the footing of the lumber of the year 1889 amounted to six hundred thousand ft., all of which was pine but about thirty thousand.

Now five hundred and seventy thousand was pine, which he sold for \$7500, besides Norway and culls, all amounting to \$700 more. This is no small sum for one man to have all in a lump.

It is an easy thing to look on and pass judgment on others from our standpoint; but if we stood where they stand it might make a difference in our views. If we judge Mr. Dennis from the success he has achieved, his bold and daring spirit, and untiring energy with which he has carried on his work, or the amount of business he has done, there are few indeed who can compare with him. The amount of property and moneys exchanged by him are simply enormous. No such thing as estimating it. He has bought, and had in his hands, in real estate alone, at least eleven or twelve hundred acres of land, amounting to over thirty thousand dollars, besides the endless amount he has paid for timber, cattle, sheep, horses, tools of every kind, besides running a store for a while; and this does not include large lots of timber, some of which amounted to all the way from \$500 to \$3000 each.

I have never known but that Mr. Dennis paid his way, and stands square to-day, notwithstanding some heavy losses. His circumstances to-day are far ahead of the average. If Mr. Dennis had never made any money, he never would have lost any.

It is human to err, but some men never make any mistakes, for they never do anything to make a mistake. But human life is uncertain and business is uncertain to all; and it does not make as much difference what we have done as what we are—the elements that make up the man; the jolts, shakes and bumps of human life that are common to the lot of man here are only moulding processes to bring out a man worthy of the name. If a man never has anything to try him he never knows how to get along with trials. There is much in the way we bear our disappointments and the lessons we learn therefrom, whether our heads become leveled up and we are prepared to battle with the elements that present themselves along our pathway here in life. Human life is a great school and he who learns his lesson best as he passes along, becomes best qualified for its active duties, and consequently the most benefit to his fellows, and derives the most satisfaction in the discharge of the common duties of his calling.

I neglected to speak of Mr. Franklin Dennis' religious matters. It was in the year of 1838 that Rev. Robert Hubbard, from Dans-

ville, who was preaching here at the time, held a protracted meeting at the frame school-house, over near where Willard Talbot now lives; in which he was assisted by Rev. Mr. Sherwood, a Free-will Baptist man. It resulted in the conversion of a number and additions to the Church. Frye Dennis was among the number converted. Jarvis Talbot afterwards gave this meeting as the date of his conversion, and said that he had always had an abiding faith in God ever since, although he had never made a public confession of his faith in Christ. Probably no one thought to ask Jarvis to come forward and join the Church at that time. Mrs. Alice Dennis asked Frye if he had not better join the Church; which invitation he accepted, and joined at the January communion, which was held at the Hampshire school house in 1839. I have no doubt had Jarvis had a similar invitation, he too would have come forward and been an active member of the church all of his days. I believe in gathering in the lambs.

Franklin Dennis was considerably wrought upon in this meeting, but it was in the meeting held in the Hampshire meeting house in the winter of 1846-7, in which there were about forty conversions, that Franklin was fully aroused to a sense of his need of Christ. I shall never forget how his wife wrestled with God in prayer for him. One day she said to me, "It is strange I feel no more anxiety about Mr. Dennis. I have carried him before God and left him in his hands; it will be all right now." It was only a day or two after when he came in and told her that he had made up his mind to come and unite his interests with God's people, and joined the Church May 7, 1848. This dedication was the most important act of his whole life. So far as I know he has never felt like giving up his profession. Yet I have heard him express himself as having many temptations from the enemy of all good, to fight with, as every real christian does. Where nearly all of us miss it in starting in for Christ, is that we do not take Christ as our pattern; on the other hand we may copy some cold hearted professor and thus not make our aims high enough. No one should think of getting along anything short of doing his best, and then he will fall far short of the high standard. On the other hand if we only aim to live at a distance from Christ, and try only to do as little as we can, and that only occasionally, we will find our souls starving for the bread of life, our usefulness curtailed, our enjoyments in divine things few and faint.

God hath furnished two kinds of food for man. The first is for the body. The body of man was made from the dust of the earth, "dust thou art," and its supplies have to be furnished from the products that grow up out of the earth. And God breathed into man and he became a living soul. Here we can see that the soul of man came from God, and that its food must come from God.

The one who draws near and lives closest to Christ is the one that may drink from the waters of life the largest draughts, and partake most freely of the bread of heaven. And it is God's pleasure to furnish such supplies of spiritual food to any and all

who will come and draw near to him, and drink from that living fountain; that the receiver may be more and more assimilated into Christ likeness, and be elevated to a higher standard before his Creator.

The man who has had the greatest success in this life is the man that who has done the most for God and his cause; and who has also the best title to a seat at God's right hand in that beautiful world of light.

I will now speak more fully of Parmelia Dennis. She was married to Mr. A. F. Whittemore, Sept. 30, 1817, and lived in N. H. until about the year 1821 when Mr. Whitmore came to New York and taught the school in what is known as the Crosby district, in Canisteo, and returned to N. H. the following spring and brought his family here, driving his own team before a lumber wagon, bringing such goods as could be stored in the wagon; and took a contract of the lot known as the Peter Drake farm, on the Swale; built a house, and went to clearing up his farm at the rate of five to eight acres per year, for about five years. He also built a frame barn 30x40, which stands on the spot to-day. He was then taken with consumption, and only lived about six months.

Moses and William were born in N. H., Parmelia and Samuel in N. Y.; four children in all.

The last fallow Whittemore cleared was five acres down on the sidehill, toward Leach's; sowed the wheat but died before it was ready to harvest. Her friends went over from Jasper and reaped the wheat when it was ripe. This crop was a good one notwithstanding the squirrels ate it badly. When it was threshed it measured out 210 bushels, from the five acres. This wheat was much help to Mrs. Whittemore, financially.

Mr. Whittemore lived and died enjoying the consolations of christianity, and his body was buried in the burying ground near his house on the Swale.

After his death she felt that she was too far away from her friends and consequently sold the farm on the Swale, and moved on to the place now owned by Searl Taft. Her brother Samuel helped her to get a contract for \$10.00. This contract she sold to Ephriam Woodward for \$110, after living on it a year or more.

It was about the year 1828 that Enoch Ordway and wife, and Mrs. Whittemore and Mrs. Sarah Clark, on the Swale, started with Mr. Ordway's team for N. H., and only got as far as Addison the first day—a balky horse. Mr. Ordway took Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Whittemore down, but had Thomas Whiting and wife to bring back. Mrs. W. and Mrs. Clark hired a Mr. John Gilde to bring them back in a one-horse wagon, all coming back in company. There were others in the company whose names we are not certain. Gardner was one. He taught school in our district afterwards, and a jolly lot they were too. One night they put up at a hotel. The only accommodations they could have was the bar-room. Mr. Gilde was a singing teacher. He brought out the singing books and all hands went to singing; for most of the company were good singers. It was not long before everything

was quiet. Gilde was a small, active man. One day as they were coming along, a large dog came out at the company. Gilde jumped from the wagon, and struck on hands and feet, and took after the dog on all fours, which made the big dog run back to the house again, but when Gilde turned to go to the wagon the dog followed fiercer than ever, and so they had it back and forth to the great amusement of the company. These teams were so heavily loaded that the men came much of the way on foot. It usually took two weeks or more for this drive, owing something to the weather, as they would usually lay off for the storm.

Parmelia Whitemore and Wm. H. Prentice were married Jan. 1, 1829. Thus, uniting their fortunes, it became necessary for her to commence life a second time in the wilds of the wilderness, with all of its attendant dangers and hardships. Taking up the lot that Judson Prentice now owns, Mr. Prentice commenced clearing his land; built a framed house. Some say the first roof was hemlock brush: others say it was boards battened with slabs, but it leaked in time of showers. The wolves would prowl about the house nights and sometimes howl fearfully. But such scenes were common in those days.

Mr. Prentice built a frame barn, which has been moved, and is still in use on the farm. Mrs. Prentice was one of the charter members of the Presbyterian Church of Jasper, and honored her profession all through her life. Mr. W. H. Prentice was chosen one of its Elders, Sept. 12, 1847, in connection with Thomas Whiting, and served the Church faithfully until his death, some thirty years thereafter.

There was a man by the name of Scoby, who used to go about making shoes; would take his tools with him, and go to the house of the customer, and make shoes for all the family, the customer finding his own leather. He did a job for Mr. Prentice. He had been a brick maker in the East, and informed Mr. Prentice that on his land was suitable material for making brick. They accordingly went to work and made the moulds, mixed the mortar with a pair of steers and prepared the kiln, under Scoby's directions, and brought out a fine article and it was used by all of the old settlers for miles around. There are some of these brick in use in the village of Jasper to-day. Esquire Dennis in building his framed house used them extensively—for jambs to his fireplace, brick oven, top to chimneys.

One day Mr. Prentice was chopping down a tree, for wood to burn brick. Just as the tree started they saw, the old sow with eight pigs right where the tree was to strike. The hog got hit and killed but the pigs were too smart to be caught.

Brick were made occasionally in this place for years after. I have bought and used them myself.

As yet I have neglected to say much about Samuel Dennis, Esq., because I could not find out much to say. It was about the year 1823-4, that Samuel Dennis had a tool-box made that fitted to the back part of his cutter. Putting in ax, saw, augers, etc., he brought them all the way from New Hampshire to New York.

He arrived at Mr. Whittemore's barn just at dusk. Mr. Whittemore saw him coming and told his boys it was their uncle Samuel. He stopped at the barn a moment, then went to the house and took out his bells and made them jingle like fun. This brought Mrs. Whittemore to the door. "Why, Samuel!" she exclaimed, "is this you?"

He spent the most of the winter with the Whittemore folks, and spent much time trying to make ax-helves, but without much success at first. He afterwards became an expert at the business. Once afterwards he broke my ax-helve and made me a new one to take the place of the old one. He made maple sugar on Whittemore's that season and had a good run of sap. In the spring he came over and built a shanty on the farm he afterwards bought. He chopped a fallow, worked through the summer, and returned to New Hampshire in the fall. The next spring he returned to New York State again, and built a log house, and cleared some. He boarded with Mr. Ordway's folks some and returned to New Hampshire in the fall and married Miss Alice Whiting, November 24th, 1825, and moved to New York the same fall. He took possession of his house December 25th, the same year, and went into business for all he was worth, clearing land, surveying, cutting out roads through the wilderness, &c.

He had the job of cutting out the road starting in somewhere this side of the County road, and running west nearly as far as Greenwood, for \$16 per mile. Although he was a great man to work with his own hands, he could also direct the work of others and thus receive a profit from it. He could get \$1.50 per day for surveying, and at the same time could hire a man to chop for 37 1-2 cents per day. Thomas Whiting and others have chopped many a day for him for three shillings. This enabled him to clear his farm up rapidly and have the use of it. It also furnished him means to pay for land.

Mr. Dennis was a man who not only was always doing something, but was very nice about everything he did. He picked up his fallows cleaner than others usually did, cut the stumps low and rounded them off for the drag to pass easily. If he made out a survey bill it was done nicely and correctly every time. Sometimes he would get large tracts of land to survey. Frye Dennis was with him on one of these excursions over on what is known as Bush Hill, and was gone nearly a week. Camping by the trunk of a large tree that was down, nearly covering their shanty with the shell of another tree, a large fire in front, they thought themselves all right. One night there came a fearful shower, with wind, which blew down a large tree, which came crashing through the trees, and struck near their camp, but was good enough not to hit it. So they came out all right.

Mr. Dennis told me one day, that before he came to N. Y. he had an idea what kind of a situation he wanted for a farm, buildings, location, water, etc., and when he came here it was in every respect what his idea of a farm was.

Mr. Dennis in a few years built a large, framed house, and this was his home while he lived.

One time I was boarding there and going to school. I well remember Mr. Dennis coming to the door and calling Samuel and I to go in to attend prayers. I now see him as he was reading the Scriptures, and hear the sound of his voice. These were very impressive lessons to me, and have never been effaced from my mind. A christian is planting seed whenever he is discharging his duty, although he may not know it at the time.

Mrs. Dennis did her full share in life's battle, and was not backward in any good work. She was a woman of a steadfast, christian character, and took a decided stand for Christ.

Of the children that remained in the east I have said but little as yet. John lived on the old farm until 1870, when he sold out and removed to Quincy, Ill., where he died Jan. 19, 1874. Mrs. John Dennis now resides at Quincy with her daughter; is 95 years old, and retains her faculties well.

John Adams Dennis was born April 13, 1818, was married first at Manchester, N. H. April 14 1842, to Augusta Ursula Gross. His second marriage in Ill. Aug. 4, 1862. He had eighteen children by the two mothers. He removed to Iowa, where he now resides. He served three years in the army, in the civil war, a member of Co., D. 25 Reg., Iowa Vol. He was at the siege of Vicksburg, the battle at Arkansas Post, Champion Hill. He was in fourteen hard fought battles. The family of John Dennis in the west is a numerous one.

Finally, no man succeeds in life if he neglects to lay up a treasure in heaven.



FAMILY RECORD.

NAME	BORN	MARRIED	DIED
Moses Dennis, Hancock, N.H.	May 27 1752		Dec 18 1845
Sally Fry, his wife	May 27 1759	May 27 1781	Oct 12 1851
Moses Dennis jr.	Oct 7 1782		Jan 19 1827
Sally Dennis	Nov 25 1784		
Martha Dennis	Mar 29 1786		
Samuel Dennis	Jan 26 1788		
Betsy Dennis	June 3 1790	Dec 18 1815	
John Dennis	Mar 1 1793		Jan 19 1874
Parmelia Dennis	Nov 3 1795		
William Dennis	Dec 24 1792		Dec 24 1873
Moses Dennis jr.			
Lois Eaton, his wife		April 1 1810	May 30 1816
Samuel F Dennis	May 30 1811		
Franklin Dennis	May 23 1816		
Moses Dennis jr., and			Jan 19 1827
Jane Graves	1795	1818	April 20 1869
Fidelia Dennis	April 5 1819		
Mary Ann Dennis	Sept 3 1821		
Martha Dennis	May 4 1826		
Samuel F. Dennis and			
Sarah S. Woodward	May 30 1811	Sept 27 1838	Feb 24 1880
Lois A Dennis	Sept 6 1839		Sept 13 1841
Moses Dennis	Jan 4 1842		April 6 1862
George Dennis	Jan 1 1844		
Harland P. Dennis	July 1 1846		Oct 18 1859
Sarah E. Dennis	Oct 8 1849		
Mary E. Dennis	Aug 10 1852		
Marshall L. Dennis	Feb 4 1855		
William F. Dennis	July 10 1857		
Jesse F Dennis	Dec 9 1861		Aug 27 1864
Samuel F. Dennis and			
Mary A. Bowen		Sept 12 1882	
George Dennis and			
Lura Woodberry	Sept 18 1844	Sept 7 1865	
Ora L. Dennis	April 15 1875		
Ross W. Dennis	Dec 16 1881		
Sarah E. Dennis and			
Wesley Travers		Sept 15 1869	
Mabel H. Travers	April 10 1874		Feb 22 1875
Elva B. Travers	Feb. 3 1876		
Vernon W. Travers	Sept 15 1881		

THE DENNIS FAMILY.

NAME	BORN	MARRIED	DIED
Marshal L. Dennis and Nettie Shaul		March 11 1880	
William F. Dennis and Ida J. Marlatt.....	March 30 1865	Sept 13 1883	
Guy W. Dennis.....	March 22 1885		
Max F. Dennis.....	Aug 5 1887		
Mary E. Dennis and.....	Aug 10 1852		
Levi D. Timerman	July 22 1849	Oct 16 1878	
Ethel Timerman.....	Feb 19 1881		Nov 22 1881
Loa E. Timerman.....	April 15 1884		
Mabel Timerman.....	Jan 27 1886		

FRANKLIN DENNIS' FAMILY.

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Franklyn Dennis and Martha E. Lamson.....	May 16 1816	Mar 20 1837	Nov 24 1849
Serena R. Dennis.....	Sept 17 1839		
Carrie Dennis.....	May 11 1842		
Albert Dennis.....	Mar 25 1845		
Andrew Dennis.....	Mar 21 1847		
Martha E. Dennis.....	Nov. 24 1849		
Franklin Dennis and Abbie Boardman		July 1 1850	
Abbie and Augusta Dennis...	Oct 16 1851		
Boardman Dennis.....	Nov 30 1853		
Truman Dennis.....	July 10 1858		
Willis E. Dennis.....	Mar 20 1860		
Serena Dennis and Chas. W. Ordway.....	April 27 1832	Mar 31 1859	
Franklin Ordway.....	March 23 1862		
Ella Grace Ordway.....	Feb 27 1866		Mar 2 1881
Carrie E. Dennis and George W. Knapp.....	May 19 1842	Sept 2 1865	
Carrie Knapp.....	Feb 7 1868		Feb 8 1868
George D. Knapp.....	April 30 1872		
Hattie S. Knapp.....	Nov 7 1873		July 13 1874
Mattie L. Knapp.....	July 26 1880		
Nellie B. Knapp.....	April 30 1882		
Albert Dennis and Cynthia M. Travers.....		Dec 19 1866	
Almon Dennis.....	Dec 20 1868		
Mina Dennis.....	Mar 23 1872		
Lula S. Dennis.....	Sept 25 1881		

THE DENNIS FAMILY.

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NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Andrew F. Dennis and Clara Cross		June 12 1870	
Belle Dennis	Oct 28 1871		
Anna Dennis	Nov 28 1871		
Oscar Dennis	May 15 1882		
Martha E. Dennis and Robert W. Hilborn	Nov 17 1845	Feb 24 1869	
Harla A. Hilborn	Jan 19 1871		Oct 10 1888
Lewis E. Hilborn	June 15 1873		
Rolo A. Hilborn	Nov 19 1876		
Jesse M. Hilborn	Aug 13 1881		
Carrie S. Hilborn	July 9 1888		
Abbie Dennis and Collins W. Talbot	Dec 26 1844	Jan 1 1870	
Truman D. Talbot	Sept 15 1872		
Lynn Talbot	July 10 1875		
Edith Talbot	Aug 28 1882		
Augusta Dennis and Montgomery Timerman		Jan 1 1870	
Cora Timerman	Jan 19 1871		
Josie Timerman	March 4 1873		
Belle Timerman	Aug 20 1880		
Vira Timerman	Apr 23 1884		
Vina Fern Timerman	Oct 15 1887		
Boardman Dennis and Ann E. Batchelder		Nov 20 1875	Oct 26 1881
Mabel Dennis	Feb 2 1878		May 11 1880
Boardman Dennis and Vira Ordway	Nov 27 1856	Aug 18 1883	
Clark Dennis	Nov 13 1885		
Truman Dennis and Ida M. Gilbert	Oct 17 1864	Oct 14 1883	
Lu Dennis			
Willis E. Dennis and Olive Shaul	Nov. 13 1862	Mar 27 1884	Sept 1 1888
Willis E. Dennis and Alma Rowley	June 1 1860	Oct 2 1889	
Frank D. Ordway and Nancy M. Walrath	July 12 1857	July 23 1886	
Wyan H. Ordway	Nov 8 1889		

THE DENNIS FAMILY.
FIDELIA DENNIS' FAMILY.

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Fidelia Dennis and.....	April 5 1819		
Jarvis Talbot.....	May 17 1810	Nov 1 1838	Mar 12 1869
Moses Dennis Talbot.....	June 22 1840		
John D. C. Talbot.....	June 11 1844		Oct 15 1864
George W. Talbot.....	Dec 19 1847		
Lorenzo S Talbot.....	April 19 1856		
Frye J. Talbot.....	Dec 11 1860		
Moses Dennis Talbot and....			
Rhoda Smith.....		Sept 5 1866	Feb 15 1872
Moses Dennis Talbot and			
Mary Sahins.....	Sept 29 1878	Mar 26 1880	
Leon J. Talbot.....	Jan 26 1880		
George Talbot and			
Esseneth D. Clark.....		Mar 14 1866	
Fidelia J Talbot.....	June 13 1869		
William L. Talbot.....	Aug 3 1875		
Lorenzo S. Talbot and			
Eva A. Brown.....	Apr 28 1878		
Frye J. Talbot and			
Jennie Helmer.....	Nov 23 1887		
Mary Ann Dennis and			Feb 1 1880
Lorenzo Crosby.....	Dec 19 1816	June 3 1847	Nov 11 1881
Loie Crosby.....	April 20 1860		
Loie Crosby and.....			
DeWitt C. Simpson.....	May 22 1855	April 9 1880	
Ralph L. Simpson.....	Jan 24 1885		
Hugh D. Simpson.....	Sept 20 1888		
Martha Dennis and.....	May 4 1826		
George W. PUNCHES.....	Mar 20 1821	Feb 18 1847	
James D. PUNCHES.....	Aug 22 1848		
Jonathan D. PUNCHES.....	May 10 1851		Apr 30 1873
Jarvis T. PUNCHES.....	Nov 16 1857		
Jane A. PUNCHES.....	Sept 17 1859		
Julia F. PUNCHES.....	Oct 8 1862		
James D. PUNCHES and			Mar 7 1882
Ella A. Benedict.....	June 23 1857	Feb 19 1879	
Ora M. PUNCHES.....	Mar 4 1881		
Jane A. PUNCHES and			
Mory A. Stewart.....	June 23 1857	Feb 18 1879	
Francis Pearl Stewart.....	July 1 1889		

THE DENNIS FAMILY.

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NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Julia Panches and			
Azariah R. Cory	Nov 15 1849	Oct 14 1883	
Martha D. Cory	Sept 2 1884		
George R. Cory	Mar 31 1887		

SAMUEL DENNIS ESQ.'S FAMILY.

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Samuel Dennis, Esq. and	Jan 26 1788		Aug 18 1872
Elizabeth Frye	Mar 22 1796	Oct 13 1818	July 22 1822
Elizabeth Dennis	Oct 10 1819		
Sarah Dennis	Dec 4 1820		
Samuel Dennis Esq. and			
Alice Whiting	May 29 1796	Nov 24 1825	Sept 26 1856
Alice Dennis	Sept 9 1826		
Samuel Dennis jr.	Feb 12 1830		
Rodney Dennis	June 20 1834		May 16 1883
Abigail Dennis	Sept 5 1839		Sept 4 1841
Elizabeth Dennis and			Oct 13 1883
Asa M. Fisher	April 9 1816	April 21 1846	Oct 24 1881
Emily E. Fisher and	Dec 21 1848		
John Bennett			
Sally Dennis and			
Sylvester Lamson	Nov 10 1819	April 16 1840	Sept 20 1872
Sophrona A. Lamson	Feb 15 1842		
Leonard S. Lamson	May 1 1844		
Calvin Lamson	May 31 1846		
Arthur S. Lamson	Sept 18 1848		
Alice E. Lamson	July 3 1851		
Sarah E. Lamson	May 14 1853		
Ida S. Lamson	July 14 1859		April 29 1861
Charles Erwin Lamson	Aug 15 1863		
Sophrona Lamson and			
Nelson Hatch		Aug 20 1865	
Alice D. Hatch	March 13 1869		
Oliver Hatch	April 4 1871		
Adaline A. Hatch	Jan 3 1876		
Lozza Hatch	April 9 1879		
Leonard S. Lamson and			
Clara A. Millard	Feb 25 1842	Jan 23 1864	
George R. Lamson	June 3 1869		
Gred L. Lamson	Dec 9 1870		
Annie E. Lamson	Feb 7 1874		
Clara L. Lamson	Aug 13 1883		

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Calvin Lamson and Jennie Reynolds.....		Nov 13 1872	
Harry S. Lamson.....	Jan 2 1880		
Alice E. Lamson and E. L. Maxon.....		Sept 1877	
Arthur Ray Maxson.....	Nov 6 1880		
Charles E. Lamson and Grace H. Mead	Nov 22 1866	June 19 1886	
Ida L. Lamson.....	Mar 20 1887		
Charles H. Lamson.....	Oct 5 1888		
Arthur S. Lamson and Emma Stroud	Mar 19 1859	Mar 23 1890	
Roderick F. Kent and.....	Sept 25 1821		
Alice Dennis.....		June 13 1848	
Emma F. Kent	Dec 5 1852		
Dennis P. Kent.....	Jan 14 1859		Mar 16 1866
Oscar J. Cole and.....	Apr 17 1851		
Emma F. Kent.....		Mar 15 1876	
Archie E. Cole.....	Mar 20 1886		May 5 1886
Samuel Dennis jr. and.....			Jan 16 1890
Mary S. Merriam.....	Feb 16 1834	Jan 6 1853	
Infant son.....	1853		1854
Frances E. Dennis.....	Aug 16 1853		
Myra M. Dennis.....	Mar 29 1860		
Dwight S. Dennis	Mar 21 1862		
Selim A. Dennis	Sept 3 1875		
Infant son.....	Feb 27 1879		1879
Rodney Dennis and			May 16 1883
Brunette Perry.....	Sept 12 1835	Nov 30 1860	Feb 15 1862
Thos. Allen Dennis.....	Nov 6 1861		Apr 21 1863
Rodney Dennis and Frances M. Bennett.....		Sept 12 1865	
Lizzie M. Dennis	Aug 31 1866		
Hellen L. Dennis.....	Apr 21 1869		
Mary B. Dennis	Apr 21 1872		
Evelyn H. Dennis.....	July 31 1877		
Harry W. Dennis.....	Mar 18 1879		
Adelbert D. Brotzman and	Mar 7 1856	Mar 12 1879	
Frances E. Dennis.....			
Reade Brotzman	Mar 14 1880		Apr 14 1880
Dennis Brotzman.....	July 18 1883		
Ora Brotzman	May 25 1885		
Mary Brotzman.....	Dec 23 1888		

THE DENNIS FAMILY.

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NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Myra M. Dennis and William L. Groom.....	Nov 29 1861	May 26 1887	
Nellie Groom.....	June 16 1888		
Dwight S. Dennis and Jennie Brando.....	Oct 10 1868	Sept 5 1889	

PARMELIA DENNIS' FAMILY.

NAME	BORN	MARRIED	DIED
Parmelia Dennis and.....			March 22 1858
Arcalus Fuller Whittemore....		Sep 30 1817	May 15 1826
Moses F. Whittemore.....	April 13 1818		
Wm. C. Whittemore.....	March 11 1820		
Parmelia Whittemore.....	May 16 1822		
Samuel Whittemore.....	June 13 1824		Aug 24 1860
Parmelia Whittemore and..			Mar 29 1856
Wm. H. Prentice.....	Jan 27 1798	Jan 1 1828	April 15 1878
John H. Prentice.....	Sept 14 1829		
Francis Prentice.....	April 19 1831		
Judson Prentice.....	Oct 10 1835		
Louisa Prentice.....	Oct 10 1836		
Sarah Elizabeth Prentice...	Mar 15 1838		
Martha Alamancy Prentice...	Dec 22 1839		
Moses F. Whittemore and Sarah Webster.....		April 8 1841	Aug 24 1868
Heman Fuller Whittemore	June 15 1844		Oct 3 1850
Abijah Webster Whittemore	Mar 25 1847		Dec 26 1862
Deforest S. Whittemore....	Mar 31 1851		
Julia Abigail Whittemore...	Feb 6 1855		
Moses F. Whittemore and Sarah A. Hatch.....	May 29 1843	May 18 1870	
Julia A. Whittemore and Charles James Buffum...	March 23 1851	Oct 14 1879	
Edith Anna Buffum.....	Sept 12 1880		
Bennie Fuller Buffum	Aug 26 1887		
Wm. C. Whittemore and....			May 29 1859
Margaret VanAlstine.....		Aug 31 1845	
Elizabeth A. Whittemore...	April 19 1847		
Mehitable P. Whittemore...	June 9 1849		
Harriet A. Whittemore.....	Jan 10 1852		Dec 20 1864
Margaret C. Whittemore...	Sept 24 1858		Dec 6 1864
Elizabeth A. Whittemore and Wilber F. Lent.....	May 11 1842	Aug 29 1869	Oct 14 1888
Edward C. Lent.....	Oct 30 1871		
Harry B. Lent.....	Aug 2 1874		
Nelson R. Lent.....	May 29 1877		
Robert M. Lent	May 9 1880		

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Mehitable Whittemore and William F. Tubbs.....	Apr 8 1831	<i>Apr 12 1871</i>	
George F. Tubbs	Sept 10 1872		
Charles R. Tubbs.....	Sept 18 1876		
Herman D. Tubbs.....	Jan 27 1879		
Wm. C. Tubbs.....	Nov 10 1885		
George W. Tubbs	Feb 22 1888		
Parnelia Whittemore and James Russell Sargent.....	Apr 13 1824	Apr 20 1847	
Sabria Louisa Sargent.....	Oct 1 1848		
Sarah E. Sargent	Jan 17 1852		
Martha Parnelia Sargent	Oct 6 1854		Oct 22 1872
Minnie Amanda Sargent	July 18 1859		Mar 25 1862
Sarah E. Sargent and F. J. Fuller.....		Dec 20 1870	
Ethel, adopted child.....	Jan 3 1888		
Martha P. Sargent and W. H. Dowley		Nov 11 1871	Oct 22 1872
Samuel Whittemore and Elizabeth J. Marsh.....	May 9 1836	July 4 1854	Aug 24 1860
Marshall J. Whittemore.....	Oct 20 1857		
Rosa Bell Whittemore.....	Oct 16 1860		
Lillie Dell Whittemore.....	Oct 16 1860		
Marshall J. Whittemore and Fanny Rowley.....	May 12 1861	July 4 1878	
Eddie Whittemore.....	Aug 4 1879		
Ora F. Whittemore.....	March 6 1881		
Collins M. Whittemore.....	Oct 25 1884		
Rosa Bell Whittemore and Jerome Johnson		July 3 1876	May 6 1881
Edith M. Johnson.....	May 6 1877		
Lillie Dell Whittemore and Erastus W. Berry.....		Nov 21 1879	
Edna M. Berry.....	Nov 29 1880		
Gertie L. Berry.....	July 30 1881		
Wayne S. Berry.....	Jan 28 1884		
Permelia Whittemore and Wm. H. Prentice.....	Jun 7 1798	June 1 1828	Mar 29 1858 Apr 25 1878
John H. Prentice.....	Sept 14 1829		
Francis Prentice.....	Apr 19 1831		Sept 16 1862
Judson Prentice.....	Oct 10 1835		
Louisa D. Prentice.....	Oct 10 1836		
Sarah Elizabeth Prentice.....	Mar 25 1838		
Martha Alamancy Prentice.....	Dec 22 1839		

THE DENNIS FAMILY.

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NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
John H. Prentice and Nancy L. McRutchend	Apr 21 1828	Oct 11 1860	May 17 1885
George H. Prentice	Jan 15 1862		
Lester J. Prentice	Apr 23 1867		
Francis Prentice and			Sept 16 1862
Emily Sargent	Feb 5 1836	Mar 1 1857	Sept 27 1888
Linda E. Prentice	July 13 1859		
Elbert F. Prentice	Feb 21 1862		
Linda E. Prentice and Asa N. Drake	May 29 1853	Dec 1 1875	
Infant	Jan 27 1878		Jan 27 1878
Clem A. Drake	Dec 31 1878		
Francis E. Drake	Sept 25 1880		
Grace E. Drake	Sept 4 1882		
Alice S. Drake	June 29 1885		
Angie S. Drake	Mar 10 1887		
Paul Drake	May 16 1889		
Albert F. Prentice and Minerva Williams	May 4 1868	Sept 19 1885	
Millicent E. Prentice	Nov 7 1886		
Judson Prentice and Sarah A. Woodward	March 12 1841	Dec 19 1858	
Edson H. Prentice	Oct 1 1859		
William Frank Prentice	April 19 1861		
Mary M. Prentice, adopted,	April 10 1864		
Alpheus J. Prentice	Nov 5 1864		
Josie S. Prentice	Aug 19 1876		
Edson H. Prentice and			
Phoebe Minerva Ordway	April 19 1862	Mar 23 1881	
Wm. Judson Prentice	Oct 28 1882		
Harry Jacob Prentice	Sept 13 1885		
Wm. Frank Prentice and Carrie Sprague	April 15 1863	Dec 17 1886	
Clara Prentice	Nov 25 1888		
Alpheus J. Prentice and Ella Marvin	Nov. 1 1872	Dec 25 1889	
Louisa D. Prentice and George B. Wentworth	May 12 1834	Nov 23 1858	
Wm. P. Wentworth	Aug 19 1862		
Gertrude L. Wentworth	Feb 13 1866		
Millie L. Wentworth	Aug 12 1870		
William P. Wentworth and Fanny Vaughn	Dec 8 1861	Oct 20 1886	

THE DENNIS FAMILY.

NAME.	BORN.	MARRIED.	DIED.
Gertrude L. Wentworth and Frank Bowen.....	Jan 3 1860	May 29 1884	
Sarah Elizabeth Prentice and Charles Whiting.....	Apr 13 1838	Apr 2 1861	
Willis Roy Whiting.....	Apr 20 1866		
Asher Whiting.....	Nov 15 1868		
Dennis Wilkins Whiting....	Aug 23 1874		Sept 18 1876
Willis Roy Whiting and Eva J. Hale.....	Dec 25 1870	Apr 4 1886	
Martha Prentice and O. M. Whiting.....	Dec 28 1834	Dec 19 1858	
L. D. Whiting.....	Oct 28 1859		
Lura P Whiting.....	Apr 30 1861		
George Whiting.....	Nov 22 1873		
Arthur L. Whiting.....	July 8 1877		
L. D. Whiting and Brunette Ordway.....	May 21 1859	Oct 31 1879	
Carrie Ethel Whiting.....	Jan 18 1873		
<i>die</i> Della E. Whiting.....	June 28 1874		
Lura Whiting and Charles E. Smith.....		Nov 4 1880	
Roy C. Smith.....	Nov 16 1881		
Archie R. Smith.....	Nov 6 1883		
George C. Smith.....	Mar 25 1887		



The HF Group

Indiana Plant

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9/28/2006

